

*Fal.* You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse then a cup of sacke with lime in it. A villanous coward, go thy waies, old *lacke*, die when thou wilt: if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a short-herring: there liues not 3. good men vnhangd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and growes old; God helpe the while; a bad world I say: I would I were a weauer, I could sing Psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

*Prince.* How now *Wollacke*, what matter you?

*Fal.* A Kings Son? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geese, I'll neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of *Wales*.

*Prin.* Why, you horsen round man, what's the matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a coward? answer mee to that, and *Peinas* there.

*Prin.* Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord Ile stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee coward? I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward, but, I would giue a thousand pound I could runne as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue mee them that will face me, giue me a cup of sacke, I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

*Prin.* O villaine, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

*Fal.* All's one for that. *He drinckes.*

A plague of all cowards still, say I.

*Prin.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* What's the matter? heere bee foure of vs, haue tane a thousand pound this morning,

*Prince.* Where is it, *lacke*, where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

*Prin.* What, a hundred, man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe sword with a doze of them two houres together. I haue scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust thorow the Doublet, foure thorow the Hose,

Hose, my buckler cut thorow and thorow, my Sword hack't like a hand-saw, ecce signum. I neuer dealt better since I was a man, all would not do. A plague of all cowards, let them speake; if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknesse.

*Gad.* Speake, sirs, how was it?

*Ross.* We foure set vpon a dozen.

*Fal.* Sixteene at least, my Lord.

*Ross.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Jewe, an Hebrew Jew.

*Ross.* As we were sharing, some 6, or 7. fresh men set vpon vs.

*Fal.* And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

*Prin.* What, fought ye with them all?

*Fal.* All? I know not what you call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three and fifty vpon poore old *Lacke*, then am I no two-legged creature.

*Poin.* Pray God you haue not murdered some of them.

*Fal.* Nay that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I haue payed, two rogues in Buckrom suites: I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a lie, I'll spit in my face; call mee Horse: thou knowest my old word: here I'll lay, and thus I bore my point: fore rogues in Buckrom let driue at mee.

*Prin.* What, foure? thou saidst but two, euen now.

*Fal.* Foure *Hal*. I told thee foure.

*Poin.* I; hee said foure.

*Fal.* These foure came all afront, and mainely thrust at mee; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seven points in my Target, thus;

*Prin.* Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

*Fal.* In Buckrom.

*Poin.* I, foure, in Buckrom suites.

*Fal.* Seuen, by these Hilts, or I am a villaine else:

*Prin.* Prethee let him alone, wee shall haue more anon.

*Fal.* Doe thou heare mee, *Hal*.

*Prin.* I, and marke thee too, *lacke*.

*Fal.*